M 1620
Restricted
Firefly House, 4th tape, first series (7 tapes)
Tuesday, July 8, 1969

Mr. Nyland: We don't keep attendance, so, we'll assume that everybody who wants to come is here. If at any one time you don't want to come; that is, that you feel that it isn't right, that you feel that you cannot do what sometimes I ask, that your state for some reason or other is not up to it. Because the requirements of this kind of Work, as you now know by this time, are very strenuous, and they are very necessary as far as I can see. Because it's the only way by which you will translate the efforts of Work which you have made so far into a reality which I hope then will remain, and become permanent for you. And it's quite possible that in the application and in the seeing of yourself how you are, that you come to a conclusion that it's impossible at that time; or maybe that you have certain conditions in your life which require more attention than you can give even to a meeting.

You have to be very honest about it because, as you know, I said in the beginning, a Conscience will have to be developed and your Conscience will have to tell you to what extent you want to take all this and what you want to do with it. And if your Conscience tells you that you really cannot, then you have to be honest. It does not mean that you cannot come back. If you miss, I don't care even how many times; that is, even at that time you, you still can be in contact by listening to tapes, if you want to. Because the tapes are

made for that purpose. They're not made primarily for distribution. They are so-called 'restricted' tapes. They are restricted to the people who belong to this group. And they are sent to Boston, Seattle, and San Francisco, for a few people who, if they were here, would be members and who are entitled to know what we are talking about. Tom and Julie are here. They will, as it were, 'remain' on that list, although I don't know of anyone in Santa Fe who could belong to this, at the present time. There are a few in San Francisco. They have a meeting and they listen to a tape. Seattle: there are fewer; and in Boston it is the so-called 'nucleus.' So, you see, the restrictions are entirely kept for ourselves.

The tapes are not available in the library. They are kept here. And I don't want them to go out unless for special reasons. Even transcriptions are not necessary, but they can be made by anyone who wants to. But again, it is a question of not telling other people; if you can keep a 'secret,' as it were. If you can consider this a group not like a Group I, because a Group I has become more and more a little glorification of a Group II. This is special. Because by means of this kind of Work we hope to get across a bridge, so that all that what has gone on before is a preliminary attempt, and that now there is a possibility of reaching something that could really have a meaning in your life.

Leave all your thoughts, now, of the day. Leave them, as it were, 'outside.' Try to remember you're here in this house. We call it Firefly House. It was a house built for Work. It's not a house like a home. It's not even the kind of a place to live in, unless one Works. And therefore it helps probably to have this kind of surrounding to remind you. In order to purge yourself, to let your thoughts go and to create an emptiness so that after that, when we talk, you can really listen to what I want to say. Because I want to say something very, very definite, and I hope very clear.

We will sit for ten minutes, like last week. I would suggest that you close your eyes. And during, when you close your eyes, try to relax your thoughts. Try not to have them;

or, if they are there, don't pay attention. And that then, with your thoughts gradually disappearing, certain images will appear in the front of your brain. They will not be very clear and they will come and go. They will fade. After some time of that kind of silence for your mind, you will be made up of a variety of old impressions which you don't remember anymore, or it will be made up of certain things which just happen and sometimes form faces, sometimes scenery, sometimes way back, almost impossible to remember—but they will come. And then when you are very quiet and continue, you will be able to get a picture of yourself. There will be an image also in the front of your head, as if that is a screen on which it is projected, and you will get, with real attempt, a picture of yourself as you are now, sitting, and it can sometimes be extremely clear. And it is at that time that an 'I' can be born, in looking at that and considering yourself.

It takes place within you. It is you outside of it as the beginning of that image, and it takes, then, the image in your brain, and something is looking at it. And it is that what is looking at that what is seen, again has in it something that is looking within that image to that image, and continuing, through such images, finally to reach infinity.

We will try it for ten minutes. It may not be enough, but at least you will be able to reach some silence.

[Twelve minutes of silence]

And so it is. Amen.

In the beginning you have difficulty because your eyes, with unconscious light, persist. It takes some time before the eye muscles can relax a little. Then there is a period of darkness which is a good state. And then a different light appears, from the inside. That forms the screen. And then your life in different kind of forms appears. This is the way to

start thinking and pondering.

We talk about Intentional Suffering: the creation, for yourself, in certain conditions in which you know what your tendencies are, that one starts to go against the grain. The tendencies are made up of different kind of material and they have different grains—like wood has different grains and different substance, different condensations; tendencies also: some are light, some are heavy.

One starts to think. I've thought today at the exclusion of doing anything else. I had in mind, of course, tonight. And instead of listening to tapes or doing the usual thing, I sat and considered, started to weigh one thought after another, trying to bring back certain conditions—some clear, some not so clear—centered around Work, our groups, and the activities, and myself.

I have to say something about tomorrow, and that will be the beginning of what I want to say after that. I've asked that tomorrow, at the meeting, there is a responsibility which is taken by some people for that group. And I hope the group will be large enough, and that it will give an opportunity for several to task questions which then have to be answered. I would like to take, and only suggest, a few people from this group. I first thought seven, but then in considering, I don't want to hurt anyone. I don't want to take away opportunities, because who am I to judge about that. And even at the present time, when I say there are nine people—a little bit in the image of an Enneagram—I'm not quite certain that that is complete or right, and that we still can change, of course.

But this is only a beginning. It's a beginning of trying to work together, and for many of you it will be suffering, and quite intentionally, because I ask you certain things that you must do. When you answer—and there will be a moderator—when you answer, you have to understand the question with *all* your might. All of the nine have to listen quite intently; as if the question was directed to them; as if in the question they will remember their own

experience. And if the question is formulated—sometimes, maybe, badly—you try to understand where it comes from. And you help, then, in yourself, to formulate, without saying anything, until the question is over—or rather, sufficiently formulated so that an answer is required. And then you speak in yourself from where you think the question came from.

You don't interfere with each other. Whoever wishes to speak of the nine is welcome to speak. All the other eight support everything that the person is saying. You eliminate out of yourself all forms of criticism; you try to do as if *you* are answering that question. You try to understand what the meaning is, because there is sincerity in the answer. And that you go along with it always to the extent that you want to understand what the other person wants to say, as if you—all nine—become part in answering that kind of a question. So that you have no particular vanity that you know it better; or that *you* could use brilliant words and that compared to what you think *you* might say, the other is just stammering.

This is suffering. Each person has vanity. Each person, at times, has an idea that they know. And it may be true they *do* know, but they must never say it—not in that way—and never show it, and never impose. But they must, for such a period, remain a channel through which information can flow about which they themselves, even, do not know how to control it. As if that what they are becomes an instrument with nine different notes, trying to find out if what is said vocally, and subvocally, could become a chord as an answer for a person who asks a sincere question.

The answer has to be adjusted to the sincerity of the question. It has to stop at the time when the sincerity of the question has been exhausted in your answer. And you're not allowed to over-talk. You have to make sense, and you have to stop when you know, in your Conscience, that you ought to stop. Don't be carried away by an answer. And remain

extremely quiet, and establish among the nine of you a certain level of support, of the maintenance of Work in that group regardless even of the kind of questions.

Your answers have to be on the level of Work and not on the level of argument or on the wish to convince. You make statements. If they can take them, that's fine; if they cannot, do not force. Leave it to the statement. If it is clear and the person who asked the question can understand it, it is all right; if they don't, they are not there yet and maybe you have to wait.

I will ask Robert, I will ask David, I will ask John, I will ask Paul, I will ask Marjorie, I will ask Trudy, I will ask Rhoda, I will ask Peter, and I will ask Greg. This is a beginning. I would ask also Tom, but for a little while, not yet, because he is not familiar with the variety of the people in that group. I also would ask George Nishimura to be moderator, for the first meeting; if there are other meetings, maybe Tom. It does not exclude that someone else not of the nine can answer. But I would prefer as yet not to have them answer.

We are talking about how to conduct a meeting. We're talking in this group of the responsibility for such a meeting, so that the meeting actually becomes a real meeting, where there is an exchange of ideas about Work on a level where they belong; where then the different people who take that responsibility—perhaps one after the other, perhaps one or two at the same time and then the moderator will have to choose. But that you have among yourselves a feeling of solidarity, that you begin to understand what it is to work together. And that then something takes place in you which kills all kind of vanity.

Because that what is the aim for all of us, is really to get clear about what is, for us, unconscious beings as we are, the way out so that we could become free, so that in ordinary life we can find certain ways, indications or signs which will direct us to wherever we, in our little ignorance in the beginning, not knowing exactly which way to go, at least

they point away from the Earth, primarily, and to become free; and it is that that you have to use; and for that reason I ask it. That we...I ask, and I will, ask many more things of that kind. Because I have to trust you all. I have to trust you, that you will understand what I mean. Also, that you might say you 'go along' with me. That there is no opposition in you even if, at times, you will disagree and you may even object to the way I say things. It doesn't matter at all. But you must not become negative. You must be still there, open, so that perhaps in time you can agree, and maybe if you don't agree, that you don't oppose.

Because if you oppose, you don't belong here. And I want people to work with. Why? I want to delegate. I want to work with people because I feel it is necessary. That is why I ask you to do what I suggest; sometimes, even, maybe you do not understand. And, of course, I may be wrong, but I'm a little more mature. I know a little bit more about you all, and I have Work in mind all the time. Because we wouldn't have this place, we wouldn't have the Bam, we wouldn't have the activities or the Guest House, or the conglomeration of people who have moved here. We wouldn't have some groups some other place unless it hadn't been for my, let's call it 'initiative,' my wish to try to make something that could remain.

I know what it meant for me. I know that the greatest part of it is suffering. I can see Gurdjieff very well in the later years of his life. I think in Gurdjieff's life there was something that was a great disappointment to him. He did not fulfill what he wanted to fulfill in the beginning. The first years at Prieuré, they had a different cachet. They had something, and his accident uprooted it. And still, he continued in a different way. But not in the way he wanted. Suffering starts to exist then, because one has set out with an idea and is full of hope, and then something happens unforeseen and uncontrollable, perhaps as a result of a law which he didn't know about, or perhaps as certain things which had to take place for him. But nevertheless, the reaction on him was twofold: he could not

do what he set out to do, and he started to feel lonesome.

And this is what takes place when a person has an aim, that many times, ideas he has either are premature or immature, that are not placed right, not selected for the right psychological moment, or that the material he deals with is not up to the possibility of that kind of understanding; or, whatever may be, that the causes of such things, the disappointments are constantly thrown all along the way. And as a result, there are of course indications, sometimes of unwillingness, sometimes of plain ignorance, sometimes naivete, sometimes a wish and that's all—without any doing. And one keeps on going because one aim will take place of another aim. The intensity remains the same and life remains the same—and there is enough life, as far as I'm concerned; I don't lack any, but maybe I don't have to do it on Earth.

And this is my problem, when I think. And I think very much. Because, when I think, I exist, and with that existence I consider: what have I done; and why is it that there are so many things sometimes that come up against one without knowing the reason and without even being able to ascribe it to general conditions. And always looking within oneself, maybe sometimes coming to the conclusion that it was not right, at the right time, and it was not done in the right way. And it is not that I'm sorry about that. It simply can be ascribed to not sufficient development—or, as I said before, perhaps material which is not sufficient.

And then one is interested in, how...how can it be changed? And then one faces a question: whatever I have done, is it enough and should I leave it alone? That is, I have a feeling that there is, with tapes and meetings, enough. Music from an emotional standpoint, there is enough. Physical example with building, we are still a little bit in the throes of it but there are indications, also I would say, it's enough. What am I doing here? I don't want to kill myself. I don't think it is right. I don't think I have that right to do it. I

will live as long as it is needed, although it would be easy for me to create conditions which will kill me; but only when it is something that I feel has been sufficiently accomplished.

And the problem is always: at what time can I leave it on its own? And for that reason I say what has to be done is to create something that is permanent and has life in it, and I wish to give that life because my life is not worth anything else, than only for the sake of Work. And there is such a belief in Work that I know it is a solution to all questions of ordinary life.

And this is what I try to tell all the time, so that when there is a little trouble here and there, or some misunderstanding and confusion, or even a lack of a wish to live, there is only one way out: a very simple activity with an attempt of something to be Awake to that, and to let everything else go, including all kind of complaints about conditions as they are or have grown or are not fitting—like Gurdjieff perhaps complained in the beginning about his accident and then he set out on some kind of a road, even the way he was for three months practically between Heaven and Earth and then again starting to dictate certain things that were then in his brain which had to get out because he didn't want to leave the world as yet. And certain things had to be done, and there came <u>All and Everything</u>, finally—thanks to Gurdjieff; thanks to God.

How much he made it permanent I do not know. I've thought about that many times. Why is it that there are not more people who are honest and sincerely trying to Wake Up when so many people passed through the portals of Prieuré? And perhaps one can also say, "They were not the material," and one can say it philosophically: "That's exactly the condition of unconsciousness on Earth," so that it is only given to few to tell, and that the messengers from above are really not too many, and that esoteric knowledge is many times
side 2 still hidden and covered with a tremendous quantity of books published on the subject without knowing how to ring the bell. And to take out of all of that that what is needed for

daily life and then to extract first the beginnings of Work and to see what is the logicality in the concept of Objectivity in a subjective world and the perfectly good reason why it should exist like that, and why that is the 'only way,' as the Buddhists call it. And that on that way one has to find out what is needed in order to purify the method, and logically that one first has to become free in order to be bound again; that one has to die in order to be reborn.

And that constantly this kind of an aim has to be kept in mind, and that whoever talks about Work—whenever—that that is always the fundamental note that must be struck: Work on yourself. Come to me with all kind of questions and all difficulties and the rest, and whatever it is that you can complain about and what you think is wrong with the world or with oneself, and that even one cannot find oneself the way one is—even that, as suffering, is useful. But it can be solved if one knows and then remembers, and actually makes an attempt in such silence; without telling anyone about it, that *that* is what one does to try to Wake Up; to do what I suggested a little while ago: to sit for ten minutes and exclude the rest of the world and only come, then, to yourself; yourself only. And then look in and see: there must be life; and then encourage it. And after that, look around and see each other, and they are *then* your brothers and sisters, because you can work with them.

Because they all go through that same kind of a thing. It is not that just one person suffers and the rest doesn't. All of us will have to suffer in order to gain, and you cannot get away from it because that is the road as prescribed, maybe by Archangel Hariton.

There is no doubt about the outcome because life is eternal, so it will always remain; the question is, for us: When, and what can we do to see it now? And to make it apparent at the present time when one goes through the Valley of Death and when one loses interest in life on this Earth, partly because there doesn't seem to be anything else but darkness and partly because one has a feeling that all the different things already have been met and why keep on repeating and repeating, so that one actually already is free because there is

nothing new under the Sun.

And these are the questions that come to one when you start to think about your life. Maybe after a little while, because I spent a whole day because I'm a little older and maybe there is a hell of a lot more to think about, but for you each day to have just five, ten minutes to sit quiet like that, and to let your day go by. Or, what you will do; how will you spend it? What is there for you that you really could become interested in without having your mind claim all the time that it isn't worthwhile and that you even don't know, and that there is nothing, nothing, nothing. Such stupidity, to continue constantly with that in the midst of your suffering, not to have a hope that there must be some way out. Why otherwise would you suffer? You would die immediately.

It is utterly crazy to simply say that the suffering is too much; it never is. It is difficult, and the grain may be hard and rough and you want to plane it and it may take hours and hours before...but you can do it when there is life. And even when you don't find life, you go and buy it. You go everywhere to find it. You look in every corner to find it. You can see it sometimes on the face of some people, and for a little while it gives *you* life. Sometimes you have to look all around—maybe in babies' faces, maybe in old men who have lived their lives, maybe in that what has been produced during the lifetime of someone in art or in beauty of some kind, or in that what still exists, or the attempts that people make, even life that there is in the concentration of a person who only wants money. There is no doubt about life existing. And there is no doubt, either, of taking; taking a little if one can become open to that.

I say this because when you wish to go on the road of this kind of suffering, you will find out how lonesome it is; and you will find out that at such times you don't even dare to talk because there is no one who is going to understand you. Don't make a mistake. No one will understand you. You can lean on someone; you can hope; you can also get

inspiration from someone, but the Work has to be done by yourself, and it is a relationship between you and your Conscience and your God.

You sit in a group, no one knows what goes on in your heart at the present time. There is something that comes out once in a while in an attempt of being, let's say, 'controlled' in your talking or in that what you are, or the way you can look at others, or the expression on your face, but do that...does that represent you in what you are in reality? No one will know it, because that is a law. Some will make an attempt, but when you expect it, or hope for something from someone else, you're eyes will be closed because of that. You only will be open when you don't expect that, than only for yourself: How in God's name can *I* make an attempt to see God for me?

God will...will not come when you expect someone else to show Him to you. And maybe you have to go down on your knees somehow or other, maybe you have to pray, maybe to cry out, maybe you have to yell, maybe certain things that forces you to cry, maybe tears will come, maybe silence for a long time, maybe impossible to sleep—but that, after all, is Anulios, isn't it; that will not allow you even to sleep.

And I hope you understand now what I'm saying: that you don't fall asleep now. So that this kind of talk that I now happen to give, that that is now recorded and that I hope that sometime you will listen to it, and perhaps even many, many times after I have left you all. So that you will remember there is sincerity of what I'm telling you. There is the honesty of wishing to create a Soul for oneself. There is giving to you sometimes certain things that I feel you could be entitled to, when you take them. But you're not entitled to it at all if you don't take them. If you just let it run off—as I say, 'fall asleep' with it—you're not worthy of anything that Gurdjieff ever has tried to tell. And he died. He died a natural death, and I'm quite certain that many times he was fed up and sick and tired of all the people.

I've seen him get angry at certain questions. There were a few meetings of that kind at 205 Central Park South, where we had an, an apartment and where Gurdjieff came willingly to us. And we sat there. It was a furnished kind of an apartment; dirty, but anyhow it didn't matter. And Gurdjieff came, benevolently, wanting to answer. And then, some...someone. Someone. And he turned to her and he was really angry. His face kind of: "What have I lived-for?" And then over his face came: "Oh. I will tell you." And then he told. This was Gurdjieff, because he was a Man.

It's that kind of flexibility that one has to learn. This is will you...what you will reach when you suffer. Because in the suffering certain things are required of you, to meet conditions as you dislike them. And the conditions then, because of your attempt actually to overcome them or at least to understand them, why have they been given to you at that-and-that time—now, or when or whatever—so that you are not running away from them and that there is something in you that starts to grow because you cherish it and you hold it in front of yourself, and you keep it and you keep your eye on it. It is like a vase of pottery, you've made it and there it is. What will you do with it? Hold it and buy it for yourself. No price tag can ever take that kind of a pottery away. That is you. You keep that image of yourself—when I say in your 'forehead,' where the formulations go on of an unconscious world, in the midst of that you take your image and you put it there and it becomes Objective to you because it is free from you. And you look at it and you see it and you say, "That is me; this is me." But I take it; because, what else? [tapes turned over]

What is the image of a Soul for? Why do we talk about Soul? Why do we think that it is needed to have something that is not of this world and we live in this world? And to consider this world as something that, as a stepping stone, that in *this world* we must understand ourselves. Because we don't know what will happen afterwards and there is no reason to take even that kind of a chance although philosophically and astrological and

cosmologically, all of that may be true. Who the hell cares about it now, when I suffer? What good does it do me? What can it help me if I know that there are certain beautiful books written about anything under the sun and I am faced with my condition where I sit and think, and there one thing after another comes and affects me, and I become involved in it and I don't know what to do. And I turn around and I walk up and down, and I get outside and I come back, and it's the same goddamned thing all the time facing me. What will I do? That question: what is there for me to do that I must know so that I can do it and not have any wavering any more—because many times one says, "It is maybe this, maybe that, and I don't know."

And I have to come back to something that is solid for me. And I say, "God, give me. Lord, have mercy upon my Soul." And then I say, "What is my Soul? Where is it?" How can He when there is nothing as yet in existence? And I say, "Well, if the Lord has need of my Soul, I better make one—quick, quick, quick, if I can."

This is life and this is the depth of life, and this is the way you have to live it. And this is the way you only can overcome it: by certain means given to you; let's say by Gurdjieff; given to you by messengers from above; you can even say given to you by Jesus. It doesn't matter who *gave* it. What is the difference? Maybe it all of a sudden was found in your Conscience: when you started to clean it up a little bit, there was a sacred piece of paper—wrapped up, maybe, or some secret wrapped up in papyrus; maybe it came from Egypt in same way or other and found its way in your little trunk of Conscience. But you have to clean it up. You have to find out where it is. You have to dig for it. You have to really have hope that maybe it is there.

I talk many times about miracles. Why don't they happen? Because you don't deserve them. If you want a miracle to happen, you have to be so expectant that you kill yourself, almost, in such expectancy, so that then the miracle can come. Otherwise you

won't even appreciate it. When you really wish it, honestly wish it, you can make it. As if you are bound all the time, as if the Kundabuffer still is in operation. Why does Gurdjieff talk about the consequences still in existence? Because it leaves you a way out. Why is a man a man with a brain? Why can't he, even...why is it that he can talk about Karatas? I've said once before—or maybe a few times because many times I repeat myself in the same kind of a damned cliches that come up every once in a while—why is it possible for a man to think about the possibility of Objectivity? If that could not be realized by each person who honestly and sincerely sets out with his knees, maybe, as if he is going to Ravenna. You know, climbing up the...towards the temple, how many steps it was? Seventy-six, I believe. On their knees, in penitence to reach the Holy Sacristy, the eternal light.

If one doesn't want to do that, you will not get it. If you don't want to Work, you're not deserving of any miracle. If you just get yourself surrounded with a little curtain and close out the light and seet...and sit and sit and sit. Goddamn it, get out. Pick up a little sand with a spoon. At least do such a thing so that there is something going on to which something else can be present. God is not interested in laziness of any person who sits. He has to have someone who is Working in His way: poor of heart, nevertheless blessed. What difference does it make to God as long as He can see life? But when you're covering it with all your complaints, God passes you by.

This is what I mean by this kind of suffering. You must face it—some more, some less. I hope it will not be too difficult. I hope that you will prepare enough. I hope you won't wait too long. I hope that in your youth you will understand what is needed for the finishing of your Karma, so that even that Karma can become for you a means of reminding you of the holy task you have of fulfilling God's Word, of listening to Him when He happens to talk through your Conscience. And to pray and to be grateful,

because...what else is there of the ordinary world? A little bit of chatter and some laugh and...lovely—I'm not denying that.

Settle your affairs with your Conscience, and then go out into the world because you have something to go out with, and something to come back to. But if you just want to fulfill all kind of nonsense without having anything, what good is it? It will rub off just as easily as chalk off a blackboard.

Start to write something indelibly in your Magnetic Center. Try to find out what is the cosmic value of your Magnetic Center. It is the image of something left there; not by mistake; something quite definitely intended to be left there by the builder of your body, that what made the form and that what poured life into it, and that what gave that life Anulios, to remind you. And to be grateful that it reminds you, and to take and take what you can, and not to get discouraged, even if you are stumbling all the time.

I would say I don't want to swear about it, but, "Jesus Christ, understand your life a little bit." When that happens and when it is difficult, look around you and see what is there. Maybe there is a little bit of something you could even be grateful for, so that there is a little hole in the curtain through which you can look. But you have to make the hole, otherwise no miracle will even come to you. When the egg and the little chicken, *you* have to do it; the mother hen never does it for the chicken; and the mother hen loves the chicken inside because it's hers—she loves it, and she cannot peck that scale. That's the duty of each person, because on that is based the relation to his God. I'm not responsible to anyone else's God. I have my own Conscience. That is why I happen to talk to it, and I try to listen to it: what am I doing with this kind of Work, to tell people a little ABC; where is 'D'; where is 'E'?

How will we proceed? Only when they ask! The ABC is only 'Do', 'Re', 'Mi'. And there I leave them. And they can go back to 'Do': 'Mi', 'Re', 'Do'. ABC, CBA. And if they

don't make any kind of an attempt to get across 'Fa', *I* cannot hold on to them, and I don't wish to. And now I say, "I" as if this is what I sometimes do. I say, "I will make sure that Amity is restored to its pristine country life." I say, "*I* would like people to go to bed early enough. *I* would like people to listen to some tapes. I would like them to be nice and honest and to clean up their room. I would like them to find a job in town. I would like them to live together at least more or less in peace. I would like them not to be too superficial. I would like them not to have any drugs around. I would like them to be careful. I would love them, really, to be considerate." I say, "I." "I." What do you think it is? When I talk, who do you think is talking? If by this time I wasn't free of the vanity of myself, then you had a chance—you have, all of you—to kill me.

Such nonsense. One *can* become free. There is absolutely nothing in me to live for in ordinary life. I don't care. But I do care about Work in other people because I love people. I want them to know, maybe, how can they get enough tools together to build a little Soul for themselves. And I m willing to go along with 'D', 'E' if they wish to come across the bridge. Because the bridge will give them the permanency. The bridge will get them out of the astrology of the 'Do-Re-Mi' into the cosmology of the 'Sol-La-Si.' That's where the permanency belongs. That's where the Sun becomes the center. That is where, through the Sun, there is the possibility of further growth of their lives through all kind of other Karmas, if necessary, trying to find out what is, you might say, 'above' there; what is outside the little Solar System, outside of themselves, even.

What is there as a means of building Kesdjan? What is there in building a Soul? What is the reason for building it? To be free from their astrology of Earth. Don't make a mistake about these kind of things. They are perfectly marvelous as far as Earth is concerned, and they can give you tendencies and abilities and possibilities and perhaps potential. But Work is different.

Work is to use what you have for a purpose of introducing something out of this world. So that with your body, your arms outstretched, you become then, I've said it before, an 'antenna' through which material flows in to you from above, that God can come to you and then create in your Conscience the beginnings of that what should grow out into an Objective Conscience. That it can give you in your mind an idea of what it is to be Objective, and to help you to build a telescope in order to Observe yourself. That God sometimes even sits in the chair looking through the telescope *you* have built; so that God can tell you on the spot, "Look, you see, you see what you are doing?" You see how goddamned stupid you are—if God knew that language; not even your 'I' knows that language; not even Jesus on Earth knew that language, but he came very close to it and they thought he was very close to it: they treated him like a human being and they killed him. And of course they didn't kill him; and what was alive so that, even Pilate and Herodius, and all the people who never believed him, started to understand a little bit what had happened. What happens when the curtain in the temple was torn, from above to below? No human being did that.

What happens when the miracle comes to you? You lose yourself completely, and then, in going over into that what we call 'Sol'—that is, the Sun, and the bridge, which are the planets—and then 'Sol', its own center of Solar System, with blinding light first so that you are good and blind, that you can forget even where you came from. And then building, in the 'Sol', 'La', 'Si', something that belongs first to Kesdjan; afterwards, the same kind of 'Sol', 'La', 'Si' for your Soul, so as to prepare what is life in you now for the fulfillment to reach God.

That is real astrology. That is cosmology. That is the understanding in living esoteric knowledge. That is needed when one wants to have intentionally created conditions for suffering, to be able to see then what is there as value.

Intentional Suffering is like, like putting yourself to be molten, to be heated up in a crucible and to let come to the top that what is impure so that God with His ladle can take it off. And maybe in that process a little bit of the ordinary stuff also hangs on to the ladle. And let's hope that there is enough so that when He finally gets through with purifying you, that there is enough left in that crucible. And maybe that process has to be done five times, so that the quintessence remains. And all the time, a little less. After that process—of fusion, of melting—solidification. This changing over from different phases, different states, reaching finally a point of such purity that God can say, "This is right. You are my good servant. Now I take everything in the ladle and I carry it with me. You come, whatever there is of you, and you can see where I put it." That is going across the bridge at the hand of God, Who then leaves; and then you reach a state. That's the beginning of your Soul.

We want to Work. If you honestly want to Work, you have to do it. You have to Work each day. This is the requirement, I've said, of this group: that you really, you honestly try. That you take time off, that really you take it out of your day, out of your wonderful day of monotony. That you introduce something that is a little different, and it hangs over you like a shining sword of Damocles; on a silken thread; because if you don't, it might kill you—if you don't Work. This is what you undertake. This is the kind of promise I exact from you, and there is still time to get out, to withdraw. But when you want to stay and you want to stay with this and with me, then I demand it. And it is not that I have that kind of strength, and it is not that I wish to impose myself on you. I only hold out for that what I consider the truth, and that of course I have belief in, and it is up to you all the time to verify it, never to take what I say than only when you know it is right for you; and *never* to blame me.

Because in that respect I'm not to be blamed. I can make suggestions, but you're all

the time free to come and go even to this group, and I will not ask any questions why you don't. It's up to you to come if you wish. Then maybe you can learn or maybe you can understand a little. But, that what may give you the understanding is to *do,* and not just to listen.

When you come here simply to say, "I don't agree," or this and that about me, you're all wrong. It's not me. I say a few things about real Work and about real life, and about real love, and about that what is pure—what is really pure—and that what is God. And that is, let's say, the 'beginnings' of my Soul, and I wouldn't sell my Soul, not for anything. I will not tell you an un-truth when it comes to that. I will give my life in order to tell you what is right for you.

Now you understand why this meeting is important. You understand now why it is as a result of a day of thought, of pondering, of considering the value, what we are doing, how right it must be only when you help, when you can take and take more and more on your shoulders. And, *now.* And don't wait 'til it's a little too late, until I've died. Now is the time; not afterwards, when you are sorry. And don't think that you will find it easily. I know that much. Take now whatever you can and then try to live in accordance with it, whatever your understanding is, whatever you think you can verify for yourself, whatever you wish to make your life, so that in that, with that life, you can have everything you wish—on Earth. All things will be added unto you *after* you seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and not before.

People have already spent much too much time in paying mammon, and paying ordinary life, and paying whatever Mother Nature demanded. Already much too long you have been unconscious. And it becomes harder and harder the more you allow it. And this time, to stop that nonsense, to come to your senses—your ordinary senses, five of them—and to put them in the proper place, where they belong for your body, to maintain

it, and don't expect anything any more from that what you see and what you hear but to develop two others, which will listen to your heart—to your Conscience—and which will listen to your Consciousness. And they then will receive knowledge, and both of them will receive—because both are there—the understanding. Your Consciousness will still be an accumulation of facts. Your Conscience will help you to convert it into an understanding of benefit to both.

And then you can be a Man, getting up in the morning and taking his hammer and saw, and going out to his workshop, which is his daily life. And whenever he has a chance, he can use his hammer to nail his coffin; and to saw to open himself. And then to build out of the material that is there in his daily life, through his own conversion laboratory, the material for his Soul. And that he brings home with him, so that when everybody can see him...he comes home, he is happy because he has built something. And he doesn't want to lose it. So that when he comes home he says, "Hello. How have you been? How much to your Soul today, what was it that it cost you? How much was the payment? Was the Soul beautiful? What did you do, put a coat on it, a new varnish, different kind of a color?" Maybe some cloth that folded the right way; maybe some color that started to shine in the Sun; maybe something that already became alive, that could even walk—and that, for you, would be the end of your life and the beginning of your new birth. That's how one comes home. That's how one communicates. That's how one tells people, "Look, I am alive. Rejoice with me, because I am."

These meetings must tell you that: that you are, so that with that, remembering and maybe sometimes listening to them later, that you will not forget that what is now being said. And I'm not saying it, but that what you listen to is the value of your life, emotionally and intellectually. And it will give you freedom, if you persist. And for you, all of us, is to have patience. It will come. That kind of hope is given when you see the bridge of 'Fa'.

That is not the 'Pont de soupir;' it is not the bridge where you let all hope go. It is just a hope. That is the bridge, how it is constructed. There are bridges like that in Holland, crossing a little canal with a superstructure so that the bridge can be lifted. And there are posts, and when you look at it, it is in the shape of an 'H'. That's the bridge I mean, crossing the water so that you don't have to swim laboriously. Because in life, in the end, it also could become Objective, but when you can cross the bridge, to say it, you can save 'time,' even; your precious time. And that 'time,' I hope, you don't have to live again.

Try to Work at least fifteen minutes each day. To take that off your unconscious state, to separate it. To stop your daily life, to be strong enough to stop it. And then to devote it—real devotion—with your heart. Not your mind. Your heart has strength to exclude your mind. It can tell the mind to shut up, tell it not to rationalize, not to find words all the time, not to have negativity and complaints in it. Your heart can open that possibility for you, that during fifteen minutes your heart can be the real queen. And you end always by wishing the king. Excuse me for using this phrase again. Don't take offense at it; it is such a clear picture when one talks about the Kingdom of God.

I hope you have a good week.

Good night.